

PIONEERS OF WASATCH COUNTY

The approach of July 24th inspires thoughts of Wasatch Pioneers; the cause for which they came, and the faith that sustained them.

They labored in the burning sun

Throughout the light of day

And when the lonely night had come

They knelt and thus did pray:

Oh, God our Father, do thou bless thy children in this wilderness; as strangers here without a home we trust in Thee, and Thee alone. Protect us until morn again, from prowling beasts and savage men. Direct our feet lest we should fall for we have come here at Thy call and staunch and true we'll ever stand to do Thy will upon this land. Oh! help us drive away the gloom and we will make this desert bloom.

Forgive us Father when we err,

Our hearts turn back to lands afar

And friends and kindred that we left,

Who sigh for us with hearts bereft.

Content our minds that we may rest

Life infants on their mother's breast;

And we will thank Thee to the end;

Through Jesus Christ Thy Son — Amen.

— John M
Turner

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A. PIONEER POEM

A tribute of respect to Wm. Buys, the first editor of the Wasatch Wave. By one of his students, Mrs. Jane Hatch Turner.

We think of you at twilight
When the lights are dim and low,
Of your kindly word and manner,
When to school we used to go.

The days of life are passing
Our school life long since gone,
Yet of our dear, kind teacher
How often we do long.

But now that you are sleeping
In that quiet little town,
All your friends and family
Love the honor and renown.

Which through earnest labor
For the good to all mankind
You have earned a wreath of
laurels

Which we very seldom find

For you to us were sunlight,
All wisdom, peace and love,
We trust your gracious spirit
Smiles upon us from above.

You guided us, as in school days
You guided pupils-all,
And in your kindly manner
Arranged for large and small.

So, now, my dear, kind teacher,
Sleep on in sweet repose;
And let each student living
Above you place a rose.

A flower of sweet remembrance,
To blossom, bloom and die;
And like your sainted spirit,
It's perfume reach the sky.

Ah, more than that, dear teacher,
Each pupil, one and all,
Should try to cheer your family
And on them sometimes call;

To carry heaven's sunlight
And give them love and cheer,
As you helped us in lifetime
By hour, by day, by year.
Sleep on, sleep on, dear teacher,
Above you blooms the rose,
Yet how your friends all miss you
—Only an angel knows.